pivot-guns on port or starboard batteries, we

FIGHTING THEM OVER.

What Our Veterans Have to Say About Their Old Campaigns.

THEN AND NOW.

Old Battlefields Revisited By a Maine Bat-

N Oct. 19, 1864, the Nineteenth Corps, commanded by Gen. Emery, was lying behind breastworks at Cedar Creek. Va., and the 1st Me. battery, to which I was attached, constituted a portion of that corps. The Eighth Corps lay along our left. These troops, forming a part of Sheridan's command, had fallen back to this point after a brisk raid up the Shenandoah Valley in Early's wake. That raid had been thoroughly successful, and achieved all that was expected; but Early, receiving reinforcements, followed our return to Cedar Creek, and while Sheridan was at Washington surprised and attacked the

Eighth Corps at the break of day. The field was uneven and hilly, with a small interval on the farther side of the creek. The Eighth Corps was driven back by Early's onslaught, and retiring left our left flank exposed. The fight then grew bitter not in front of that flank alone, not in the presence of any one body of troops, not at any particular instant, but on the whole ground and constantly. The surprise of the Eighth Corps was total and I love them. ntter. It amounted to a stampede. Artillery, infantry, and wagons whirled backward, mingled, intermingled, confounded and bewildered. Notwithstanding the sturdy efforts of Gen. Hayes, afterward President, and of Gen. Crook, who won later renown fighting the Indians, the startled heroes of many other earlier and later fields stood irresolute, or, fighting, failed in that energy which unlocks victory. The rout of the Eighth Corps devolved a grave, painting. I was no longer a participant, but a spectator, and as such studied with unwonted From the day that slave interest the retreat, the advance, the approaching roar of artillery, the fusillade of infantry, and speculated coolly upon an issue to which "Yank," said one, "I want that overcoat."

"Yank," said another, "I want them boots, but I don't know as I can wear 'em." "Yank," said a third, "I would like to trade bats with you, but its a-kind against my principles to take anything away from a wounded man." I traded my hat with him for a conch-

About 3 o'clock p. m. a rebel ambulance removed me across the creek to a spot where they had located a field hospital, and deposited me on the ground. Soon after this the tide of battle had evidently turned. Weak, wounded, and captive as I was my blood found a quicker jump and my nerves a new tension from hearing the artillery begin to belch with a louder and quicker roar and from seeing consternation and alarm settling upon my captors. First

Then I saw 1,500 Union captives hurried past, en route for Libby Prison. Next the wounded rebels lying near called out: "O. Doc! can't you carry me away? I don't want

Then the rebels in front of me unlimbered a Union force, whose number and destination were unknown to me. The sun was setting in full effulgence, and I saw it shining upon the bayonets of the boys in blue and reflected from 1,000 barrels pushed to the charge. On came the heroes, steadily on, sweeping resistance from their path like a cobweb. They charged the battery at a run. They captured the guns. The discomfited rebels, who were trying to hold our forces in check, leaving their guus, ran. Gen. Early endeavored to rally and reorganize them in the immediate vicinity to upon the rebels whom Early was attempting to inspirit. The light of the flying shells marked of cavalry come up out of the creek and charge

"A Yank," was my reply. "Look out, boys," came the rejoinder; "here's one of our own men.'

And they passed on to complete the day. And so night went slowly on-a night accompanied by frost. My own suffering increased with the hours. With nothing but the bare earth for my bed, and nothing but the cold night for a covering, wearied by long exposure, and spent with the loss of blood, I lying for dead. When consciousness returned one man was rubbing one arm and another another, and coffee was boiling over an improthe glorious beverage. An ambulance was called and bore me to Middletown where I was deposited in the church-yard. That was the location of the Surgical Corps. Side by side lay long lines of the wounded, and they filled the church. The Surgeons' tables were crected against the trees in the church-yard. Operations were constantly going on, and the Surgeons were so busily employed that it was night before the ball in my arm was removed. There I was obliged to lie through the whole of another long and cold night, unprotected save by a bundle of hay which some soldier Samaritan shook over me. About 3 o'clock in the aftertioon I was placed in an ambulance and started for Martinsburg. The progress was slow, through constant rain over rough roads, and it was not until 10 o'clock of the following day that my destination was reached. There I fell in with my regiment-the 15th Me.-and was cessive days.

Then-Now! Sept. 17, 1892, at 2:18 p. m., I left my home, at Spring Lake, Mich., and after a pleasant run arrived in Washington at 8 p. m. of the 18th. On the 19th I visited the Capitol and other scenes around the city. On the 20th I marched in the Grand Review of the Grand Army. On the 21st I attended a Reunion of my regiment at Glen Echo. On the 22d I visited the Treasstill in place, but overgrown by cedar trees | Church's 4th Mich. battery. member and gazed across the creek to the spot up the steep hill on the run, the battery up to the steep hill on the run, the battery up to the sky with bayonets, sah!" And now all oak grove is gone, but there are other land- | the top.

Walking thence to Middletown the same day | direction I sat by the church to which I was borne Oct. was extracted from my arm and where I lay alleright. Leaving Middletown I went to Winchester and visited the well-ordered National gan boys would have shown Gen. Thomas's broadside guns; one 50-pounder Parrott rifle, Cemetery and also the cemetery in which the and Rousseau's troops below us what Col. Walk- and one 9-inch Dahlgren smoothbore. The

OUT, Co. C, 15th Me., attached to 1st Me. battery; Spring Lake, Mich.

A TENNESSEEAN'S VIEWS. He Never Had a Doubt Regarding the Outcome of the War.

Through your kindness in publishing my contribution, titled "East Tennessee," I have become the recipient of so many letters and cards of commendation from the comrades all along the line, from your city to Oregon, many of them coupled with the request to write again, that I take this method of acknowledging the same and of thanking the comrades for their approval. No doubt most of the "boys," like the writer, have grown prematurely old, but it is gratifying to observe that neither the hardships of the field nor the pains of impaired health cause the fires of patriotism to abate, or prevent a throb of response to that which is in touch with their own experience. The sentiment of friendship born of love of country and intensified by common sufferings in its defense, has grown apace. The revival of memories of mutual hardships endured, of reverses, of triumphs achieved, deepen affection for one another, and intensify love of the country which they did so much to save. Like true men that they were and are, when the end came, contrary to the ominous forebodings of many friends and of jealous monarchy, they went quietly to work where they had left off. They are as true to-day as when the Stars and Stripes was first insulted at Sumter. God bless them all. The more I think of their loyalty, their heroism, and their self-sacrifice the more

A mere boy of 15 when the struggle began, I was for two years within the Confederate lines. Running the gantlet of Confederate surveillance of the Cumberland Mountains, I entered the service at 17. One so young was not very likely to keep a memorandum of passing events, and I was not an exception to the rule. The war of the rebellion, measured by the magnitude of the issues and the results to flow from it, was the greatest military conflict the world has instant, and peremptory duty on the Nine- ever known. The fate of a race, the stability teenth. It must fall back. In pursuance of of Republican Government, hinged upon the this unwelcome necessity just after sunrise I | result. The former was the primal cause, and received orders to retreat. As our battery started to the rear one of my horses was killed would perish. It was a struggle to the death, and another wounded. I was myself wounded and either slavery or the Union must go down in the leg by a piece of flying shell, in the to rise no more. It was a battle of giants breast by a minie-ball, and in the arm by a struggling for the mastery. The world stood minie-ball, when, falling upon the ground, I agnast pending the outcome; but my faith was taken prisoner. Captured, but not removed, never wavered for a moment. I never doubted all the battle lay before me like an opera or a | the justice of our cause nor the ultimate tri-

From the day that slave labor proved profitable in the cultivation of tobacco in the Jamestown Colony, the future great Republic was destined to be purified and made indestructible I could no longer contribute anything but my prayers. As the moments sped I grew fainter from the loss of blood; thirst seized me like a strengthened the determination to nationalize giant, and the blazing sun helped weakness | the accursed institution. But public sentiment forward. Before insensibility had brought such | was not sufficiently aroused in favor of or oprelief as it has in store the stragglers who always follow an army in time of war, as vultures a wounded quarry, made their appearable citadel against foreign and domestic foes, the canker-worm was worming its way to and endangering the very foundations of the Re-

able, and as a consequence slavery itself had died out. For two centuries, however, little or no regard had been paid to the treatment of the blacks at the South, and the National conscience seemed dead to the wrongs perpetrated against a helpless people. As time passed, and the stories of repeated cruelties - of slave auction-blocks, the separation of members of the family for life, hand-cuffs, gang-chains, bloodhounds (afterwards used to catch Union refugees and soldiers), and whipping-posts became more frequent and inhuman, the National conscience seemed to have become somewhat a rebel doctor asserted: "Boys, it's another aroused. Then came the Missouri Compromise of 1820, Omnibus Bill of 1850, Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854. The humiliating aspect of the subserviency of the judiciary and the unconstitutional use of the military to disperse legislative bodies elected in opposition to slavery's behest, and the last hope of the perpetuity of good Government, gave way to the conviction (credited to Senator Zack Chandler) that thenceforth "this Government would not be worth a darn without a little blood-letting."

To the South slavery was purely a matter of business, numixed with sentiment or mercy, and at every point in its progress and subsequent overthrow the Southern leaders were actuated by purely mercenary motives. This reached that extremity where argument assumed the ridiculous and fanatical-that slavery was of divine origin, and that as the Supreme Court held slaves to be chattels, they had no soul, and hence there could be where I was lying. Our boys, turning the no sin attached to the institution. So that guns they had captured, began to fire shells when Ben Hill charged the trouble to what he was pleased to denominate "the higher law of fanaticism" he was not far wrong; but neither their education nor the impulsiveness cast my eyes to the right. There I saw a body of their natures could condone the crime of cruelty to their wards nor of treason to the the retreating rebels. An officer who rode in Government. It was this utter subserviency front asked me, "Who are you; rebel or to the slave power and the imperiousness of their demands to override the popular will mere than anything else that roused the North to a realization of the danger that menaced the Union. The conviction became general that compromise had run its course; that those who were so mercenary and imperious were no longer fit to rule the Nation, and that, if necessary to their subjection, it would be best to de-

This sentiment continued to grow, and, taken in connection with the fact that the great slowly lapsed to unconsciousness and was left | profits flowing from slave labor went into the coffers of foreign manufacturers, became so prevalent as to menace the institution. Perceiving this, the Southern leaders intrenched themselves behind the judiciary, forgetting or refusing to recognize the more potent fact that the people were the sovereign power, and hoping, with much reason, that in the event of a clash they would receive recognition from across the water. We all remember how nearly this hope on their part came being realized. To the laboring classes at the North it seemed to make little or no difference. At the South the "poor white trash" were so ignorant as to economic questions and so subservient to the ruling class that they were easily led to believe themselves equally menaced by interference with slavery, and as a consequence about five-sixths of the Confederate army were non-slaveholders; so that it was literally "the rich man's war and concerned. It was providential that we were defeated at Bull Run, and that the South did President Lincoln's 100 days' grace. If she had taken care of. That care was not common, and it would only have postponed the conflict, which was armed with fired at least two rounds per it was needed by a man grievously wounded was inevitable. I am glad it is over, and not gun at him. Whether Joq ever reached liberty who had been exposed for more than three suc- sorry nor ashamed of having participated in it; but I am concerned over the studied effort to defeat at the ballot-box in the South what they failed to defeat on the field of battle.-H. CHURNLEY, Co. G. 2d Tenn.

CHARGED THE ENEMY.

What was Done by Church's 4th Mich, Bat-

The battle of Mill Springs, as told by Comury, Postoffice and Patent Office Departments. | rade Hendrick, Battery C, 1st Ohio Art., of the | out-the Telegram or Telegraph, I forget which On the 23d I left Washington for the Valley of old Third Division, Fourteenth Corps, in the name it was-that gave an account of the fight Virginia, stopping at Harper's Ferry, Fisher's issue of Jan. 7, reminds me of another instance at Sabine Pass, Hill and Strasburg. Stopping all night at Strasburg with a party of the Nineteenth It was on the Tullahoma campaign, the 26th Lieut. Dick Dowling, the article in the news-Corps, 1 met another party (our friends, the rebels) whom I had fought. Time fled quickly of Comrade Hendrick's battery witnessed the of his gunboat, Gen. Franklin put his tail bein such companionship, fighting all of our charge, as they were at that time in the Sec-battles over and over again and judging the ond Brigade of our division. The First Bri-to New Orleans, like the whipped cur that he wisdom of Generals as though they were human gade, formerly Schoepf's, was commanded by and fallible. On the 24th I visited Cedar Col. M. B. Walker, of the 31st Ohio, and was land his blue-coated invaders on Texas soil, for Creek, where I had been wounded 28 years | composed of the following troops: 17th, 31st, | they had a warm reception for him. The combefore. There I sat on the old breastworks, 38th Ohio, and 82d Ind., with Capt. J. W. mittee which was appointed to receive him was

varying from one to 10 inches in thickness. The enemy had taken a strong position on The brick house near which I lay when the hills north of Garrison Creek, in the vicin- Smith at Shreveport, and two brigades from wounded still stands. Slightly to the left on lity of Hoover's Gap, from which point they at- Gen. Griffin's army; all these were to be under the pike stands the old farmhouse a little to tempted to enfilade Thomas's troops. Col. the command of our Cour de Leon-Gen. Mathe north of the brick house. In front, to the Walker asked permission to take his brigade gruder." south, is the creek, while away to the south- and turn the enemy's left flank. This was east is the spot where the Eighth Corps lay and granted. The brigade was moved some dis- account they could have had no less than 30,000 was broken on the morning of Oct. 19, 1864. I | tance to the right and formed in two lines, the | men, the whole Confederate army of the Transgat upon the breastworks as close to the spot | battery between the lines of infantry. When | mississippi, to oppose Gen. Franklin if he had where the 1st Me. battery lay as I could re- the order was given to charge, away we went to land on Texas soil. I distinctly remember

marks which I remember. A little to the rear | The rebels were rather surprised to find in- might have made it 50 men just for even numis the place where I was wounded, and here is fantry and artillery coming "endways" on bers. But I suppose the ex-Confederates would the little pool of water which the Johnny their position, and beat a hasty retreat. The not tell a lie for one man. traded with me a conch-shell full for a nice loss in our brigade was light, owing to the en- As to the Clifton, she was a double-ender;

When Gen. Thomas came up he remarked to a circuit. All told, her crew numbered 175 20, 1861, and on the very spot where the ball | Col. Walker that was the first time he ever saw | men; but at the battle of Sabine Pass we had

rebels are buried, and the battlefields. From thence I returned to Washington.—S. S. RIDE-skirmish-line."

Dahlgren and Parrott wered pivot-guns; the Dahlgren on the forecastle or forward, the Par-This leads me to say something of the Third | rott on the quarter-deck ... By turning the Division, of the Fourteenth Corps. In December, 1861, the division was organized, with Gen. George H. Thomas as commander. It was composed of the following troops: 9th, 14th, 17th, 31st, 35th, and 38th Ohio, 7th, 4th, 10th, and 12th Ky., 10th and 33d Ind., 2d Minn., ber, 1863, when she got orders to go up and 18th Regulars, 1st and 2d East Tenn.; Battake the fort at the mouth of Sabine Pass. tery B, 1st Ky. Art.; Battery B, 1st After getting signals from somebody, and we Ohio Art.; Battery C, 1st Ohio Art.; 1st answering, "All hands up anchor" was called. Ky. Cav. (Wolford's); a squadron of Indiana | Then, after the anchors were up and fast, eavalry (Capt. Graham). All of the Ohio regi- "Nigger Louey" beat "General quarters," and ments named remained in this division until | right merrily did we respond, for the old Clifthey were mustered out, as did the 10th Ky., 10th Ind., and 2d Minn., with Battery C, 1st | scraps with the rebs before, in which we came Ohio Art. During our almost four years of out victorious. service we were fortunate in having such commanders as Thomas, Schoepf, Fry, Steedman, Schofield, Brannan, and Absalom Baird, the late Inspector-General of the United States | see the fort for the smoke of bursting shalls, so Army, who directed us in person, not by proxy, from Missionary Ridge to Atlanta, Savanuah, Goldsboro, Raleigh, and rode at the | shots, but all too high. We got close to the fort, front of the Mill Springs Veterans down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington May 25, 1865. The veterans of that historic division thought | full speed; we are now abreast of the fort, the Gen. Baird was equal to any occasion, whether | guns roaring and the muskets rattling—every. Gen. Baird was equal to any occasion, whether it was charging rebel works at Jonesboro or moving the wagon-trains of the Fourteenth Corps across the tipsy pontoon bridge that | right under the nose of the Philistines.

> the Carolinas. Will some comrade of the Third Division tell | It was their inning, and they kept in until the the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE what game was over. Gen. Baird said to a teamster who insisted that he could drive six mules over the pontoon bridge? The river was booming high, and the mules were unhitched and led across, while details of soldiers pulled the wagons to the north shore? Meanwhile Wade Hampton's fighters | Soon our other broadside gun was knocked off were trying to hurry our movements.-S. A. McNEIL, 31st Ohio, Richwood, O.

spanned the Catawba River on the march across

GEN. McPHERSON'S DEATH. Where Capt. Brown, of Mississippi, Can Get

His Long-lost Sword. NOTICED in your paper of the 27th ult., in the Fighting Them Over columns, a communication from Capt. Richard Beard, of Murfreesboro, Teun., in relation to the death of Gen. McPherson on the 22d of July, 1864, before Atlanta, Ga. The and something had to be done or we would be Captain's version is probably correct-and, in fact, I have no cause to doubt it. There are, however, some few facts which do not exactly agree with his statements, and I will endeavor to place them as near as I can, although I depend on memory alone. In speaking of pushing on and taking possession of the enemy's works, he says, "Few in numbers, detached from the rest of the division, with the enemy in heavy force in front, his skirmishers slowly feeling their way toward us from the right,'

Let me here say that we had no skirmishers out at all, and that we had marched on a double-quick that hot afternoon more than a mile to meet them. Double-quick did I say? Yes; it was a dead run, the boys of the old 15th Mich. (Mulligan's) throwing away everything that they could unstrap from their bodies except their Springfields and cartridge-boxes with 40 rounds, and their haversacks, which had 60 rounds more. We got to the brow of the hill and found the works full of Johnnies, but Co. B and part of Co. G being in advance tumbled over and took them in out of further danger-17 officers, 167 enlisted men, and two stands of colors-those of the 5th Confederate which are now in the Capitol of the State, at Lansing, and the 17th and 18th Texas consolidated regiment which were presented to Lieut.-Col. W. T. Clarke, Assistant Adjutant-General, Army of the Tennessee, and which have been displayed, and might have been seen in Detroit for the past six years in the Cyclorama of the

Battle of Atlanta. The Sergeant-Major he spoke of was Andrew Laforge, of Gross Point, near Detroit, than whom none could be braver, and the Major to Brevet Colonel) M. A. Lapoint, commanding Co. | gade and had a hand in that capture. B. and who is now Postmaster at Vienna, Mich. The big, six-foot Michigander was Serg't Wm. Nichols, whose present address is Crow Island, Saginaw River, and who feared nothing human, and who, with all, was the jolliest comrade one could find in the regiment; which is saying a great deal, for the Mulligan's were proverbial in "Black Jack's" Corps, the Fifteenth for the two F's-fun and foraging.

And now as to Capt. W. A. Brown, of Mississippi. If this catches the eye of Capt. Beard, or anyone who knows the address of Capt. Brown, they may say to him that I was the fortunate one to whom he handed his sword, and that I brought it home and have it yet, and that he can have it now, if he wants it, by addressing—Timothy W. Doyle, Second Lieutenant, Co. B, 15th Mich., Michigan Sol-

CAPTURE OF THE CLIFTON. An Account of the Battle of Sabine Pass by

WOULD like to give my recollection of the battle of Sabine Pass, Tex., in which the U. S. S. Clifton was destroyed and the crew and one company of 75th N. Y. taken prisoners. I would also like to correct a mistake about the number of the Confederate forces that were in and around Sabine Pass and Beaumont. The Avalanche-Appeal said there was only 49 men on the Confederate side, and that they were out of ammunition. That paper can tell this tale to the Marines. The men who manned the fort were called the Davies Guards, an artillery organization recruited in Houston, Tex., and were always understood by me to number 110 officers and men. Capt. Davies was the commander, but somehow he never showed up when there was any fighting on hand. On those interesting occasions he delegated his power to Lieut. Richard Dowling, because Dick, I suppose, could handle an Irish company in a fight better than he could; and if Dick was killed, what matter. It was like the other Irishman that was going to be hung-he was used to it.

About the "ammunition giving out just as the Clifton surrendered, and about there being no one in the fort but 49 men, let us go down and see how this was, and give you some facts. We had a deserter from the rebel army on board; he was second-class fireman and his name was Joe Bowers. When he saw the white flag was going to be hoisted, he made a break for life and liberty. He jumped in to swim to the Arizona, as she was the nearest ship in the offing. When the rebels saw him they called out to him to come back, and a company of infantry that lay concealed came out and fired at him, but the tide was going out and soon took him out of musket-range. Then the eight 8-inch Columbiads that the fort

The rebel steamer Roebuck came up at this time, and we were ordered aboard by the Captain of this infantry company that did the shooting at Joe Bowers, and this company guarded us to Beaumont; so there were 149 men who were at Sabine Pass on the Confederate side that we know of. When we prisoners arrived at Beaumont we were put on a train and sent to Houston, where we arrived that night. Next morning the daily paper came

Gen. Sterling Price, Gen. Tom Green, Gen. Dick Taylor, a detachment from Gen. Kirby

this grand army is cut down to 49 men. They emy being unprepared for an attack from that | that is, she had a rudder fore and aft, and she

Now listen to this. According to their own

a company of Sharpshooters from the 75th Company, 41 Broadway, N. Y.

had six guns in a battery. The day of the From Alert Comrades All Along the fight we fought the port battery. There is the Clifton as she stood manued and armed, and her guns in position, the 8th day of Septem-

ton and her crew were vets, and had had many The Clifton steamed to the fort at half-speed. Our guns opened with shrapnel shell and fivesecond fuse. During this time you could hardly rapid did we fire. The rebs answered our fire some questions about my service in the 47th. at irregular intervals. They made good line and the sharpshooters opened. Then the signal bell is given, and the old Clifton goes ahead at thing is going our way. Bump, bump; everybody falls forward—the old boat is aground When the rebs saw this they gave one yell, and how they poured it into us was a caution. When the vessel grounded she slewed head toward the fort, which only left us three guns for use. Soon the muzzle was shot off; but we fought on, and those that were not wanted to man the guns fought with their Enfield rifles.

the carriage; but we fought them with the The Youngest Soldier. 9-inch gun and Enfield rifles. The vent blew out of the 9-inch gun, and you could put your arm down in it, and of course it was useless to fight longer; besides our Enfields were so clogged with powder that we made poor headway firing them. We had to jam the ramrod against the side of the ship to force the bullet About this time everyone was looking for Franklin's troops, which he had promised to land below the fort; but nary a troop came, all killed. There was grape and shell from the fort, splinters from the ship's side, hot water and steam, all pressing the question, "What's to be done," and we surrendered. When the white flag went up a great many of the boys cried like babies at the idea of being trapped in a

will go down for that purpose.

Curses loud and deep went up against Frank-lin and his expedition. My opinion is, if Franklin had made a show of landing troops, the rebels would have run, and would not have stopped until they struck the Rio Grande. "There were gunboats in the river, with everything serene; We will make them pay some other day for the battle of Sabine." But we didn't make them pay anything; for,

mud-hole in Texas.

according to another prison poet, Col. Duganne, I think, "We hunted the small deer they call graybacks in rebel prison until the war was over."-JOHN CARBOY, alias Robert McKenzie, U. S. S. Westfield, Clifton, and Estrella, In-

THE REGULAR BRIGADE. A Comrade Differs with Col. Mudge as

OR some time past there has been considerable controversy about the Regular Brigade, Army of the Cumberland. First, about the capture of the rebel battery near Graysville, Ga.; and, second, about the make-up of the brigade, most writers claiming that volunteer regiments belonged to it. although we never heard anything about it whom Capt. Beard delivered his sword was | the 11th Mich., and how many more I don't re-Captain (afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel and | member, claimed to have belonged to the bri-

As I served three years in the 16th U.S. Inf., from April, 1862, to April, 1865, and was with the Regular Brigade from the time of its organization at Nashville, Tenn., until my dis- he was going into the army on the 8th of Febcharge, in 1865, and was never absent from it | ruary as a Second Lieutenant (without namduring that time, I ought to know something | ing company or regiment) to Cedar Keys, Fla.

Now, about this capture of the battery. I was present with my company and remember well how we fired a volley into their camp and | of mine received a letter, and in looking over hearing their cries of "Don't shoot; we sur- my old papers I found a part of the last letter render," and then marching into their camp | mentioned. The part I have reads like this: and receiving their surrender. The 18th Inf., | "I have been a prisoner since September, 1863, I think, took charge of the prisoners, and what | until the 7th of August last, when I was parregiment took charge of the guns and camp doned by President Johnson." The descripequipage I don't know, as our regiment soon after moved out and marched to Graysville the | follows: Hight, over six feet, slim build, square same night. There may have been volunteers | shoulders, but not broad shoulders; sandy comnear by, but if there were I did not see them, and in such a small place as a battery camp we would necessarily have been in close proximity, and, therefore, I claim the Regular Brigade captured that battery and they only; and I further claim that the 11th Mich. did not belong to the brigade at that time, as is claimed by one of the writers.

In your issue of Aug. 18, I see a communication entitled, "The Regular Brigade," by Comrade Melvin Mudge, Lieutenant-Colonel 11th Mich., giving his version of the history of the brigade, and am sorry to see that even an offi- the late war. cer can make mistakes of memory. Right here let me give mine. Until the Fall of 1862 (say October or November) the 15th, 16th, and 19th Regulars were brigaded with the 1st Ohio, 6th Ind., and 6th Ky. (better known then as the were separated, the volunteer taken out, and the 18th Regulars added to the 15th, 16th, and 19th, thus, with battery H, 5th U.S. Art., forming the Regular Brigade; and under the Corps formation we became, I think, the Second Brigade, First Division, Fourteenth Corps, and remained as such until the reorganization of Sherman's army, preparatory to his famous march to the sea, when we were detached from the Fourteenth Corps and were sent back to Chattanooga, where we were assigned to garrison duty on Lookout Mountain. I cannot remember that there was a volunteer regiment attached to our brigade during all that time, even temporarily, and if, as Mudge claims, the 11th Mich, was tempor-Correcting a recent misstatement, N. Kash-says, "According tolgy recollection the brigade consisted of six battalions of the 15th, 16th, and 18th Regulars" (ignoring the 19th Regulars at that time had one will battalion to the regiments at that time had one will battalion to the regiment. I do know that the 19th Inf. was with us at the time had one will battalion to the regiment. I do know that the 19th Inf. was with us at the time had one will be grateful for any information concerning the battalion. D. G. Proctor, 605 Howard avenue Wilsion.

Correcting a recent misstatement, N. Kash-says, "According tolgy pressure as the time says that Col. Baker is not buried in Oakland, but in Laurel Cometery, San Francisco for years, on the last day of February, 1862, on man came up and said, "You Yankee hound, what did you come down here for 2.75 the Readers every week. Regular price, 2500 per year. Sent on trail of the kind, I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of February, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken on man came up and said, "You Yankee hound, what did you come down here for 2.75 the Readers every week. Regular price, 2500 per year. Sent on trail of the kind, I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of February, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of Pornary, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of Pornary, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of Pornary, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of Pornary, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of Pornary, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Charlestown, Va., on the last day of Pornary, 1862, by a part of Ashby's Cavalry, After I was taken prisoner near Cha arily attached to our brigade in front of

the division. He also says: "It was the largest brigade in Sherman's army, being equal to seven average regiments;" in which I think he is again in error. We had been all through the campaign; had borne our equal share of fignting and suf- NATIONAL TRIBUNE, which he would like to fered our equal proportion of loss in killed, wounded, sick and missing, and from my own observation am satisfied that our four regiments were not nearly equal to seven average regiments. But I am glad to have the Colonel speak so well of the charge of the brigade on that I must also take issue with him when he first line, 19th Inf. on right, 18th on left; second, or supporting line, 15th on right, 16th on 15th, that charged up to the rebel main line. Boys of the Regular Brigade, show up, if you are not all mustered out. Which is right, Col. Mudge or your humble servant? We may both be wrong to an extent, as it is a matter of memory with both of us .- WM. C. WEBBER, Co. B, 2d battalion, 16th U. S., Loganton, Pa.

An Unusual Investment,

A new departure in the line of financial investments has been made by the managers of the The sale of a limited number of shares in this company will close on October 11th. Shares can be obtained at the Industrial and Mining Guaranty

PICKET SHOTS.

A Letter from Col. McClure.

-ILLIAM GODFREY, St. Louis Mo., writes to declare that he did not say that Col. McClure commanded the 47th Ill. on its campaign in and around Vicksburg, but did say that he did not command Co. C at that time but was doing duty on Gen. Tuttle's staff Comrade Godfrey incloses a letter signed John D. McClure (Peorla, Ill.), which reads: "I received a line from you this morning asking would say that I was detailed to do staff duty on the staff of Gen Tuttle just before we left Young's Point, on our march around Vicksburg, and served with him until I was wounded in front of Vicksburg on June 12. I was picket | are both mistaken this time, for there are too officer, and was posting a picket by order of Gen. Sherman, he having sent for me to come to his quarters so that he might show me where he was to construct some cover for sharpshooters, and he wanted me to post a chain of pickets so as to protect the Engineer Corps while at this work. The rebels got possession of the point before we did, as it was within 50 yards of their works. While attempting to carry out this order I was shot through the right lung. I was Major, and acted as picket officer. My commission as Colonel is dated June 30, 1863, and signed by Richard Yates as Governor of Illinois.

Capt. John H. Roberts, Co. F, 8th Me., Past Department Commander of Massachusetts, company and regiment and was mustered out are drawing pensions. of the United States service with his regiment in January, 1866, having served continuously four years and five months. He was born no the 15th of June, 1849, making him but 12 years and two months old when he enlisted. He carried a musket during the whole term of his service, and was only 16 years and seven months old when he was discharged. He was but 15 years and 10 months old at the close of the war, or when Lee surrendered, and was at Appomattox at the time-a veteran with nearly four years of hard service to his credit, and not 16 years old. He was in all of the battles in which his regiment participated, and contributed his full share in helping it earn its enviable reputation. He now lives in Pioneerville, Idaho. Pass it around and match this record whoever can; until which time Bancroft stands at the head." Comrade Bancroft proposes to join the Grand Army Post at Boise City, Idaho, the first visit he makes to that city. He lives 100 miles from there, up in the mountains, but

Information Asked and Given. delphia, Pa., desires information of Edmund R. R. Davis, of Anderson Troop, 15th Cav., and Captain of the 9th Colored Heavy Artillery, who has been missing since 1872; all knowledge of his wherrabouts has been unknown to the members of his family, Masonic brethren, Grand Army Post members and acquaintances generally. Capt. Davis, as his war record shows, was a daring and brave soldier, having slept in Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's tent in rebel uniform for three nights; was with Gen. Palmer and Maj. Ward within the rebel lines when the latter was shot, Capt. Davis escaping, amid a shower of shot, by swimming the river on horseback. Capt. Davis was known to be in the Secret Service by the authorities, and a until that little matter of the capture of the very valuable man, and yet his wife is unable battery was published in your paper. Then, to procure a pension on account of her inability

> Elizabeth O'Connell, Lockport, N. Y., says: 'About the first of February, 1862, my husband, John O'Connell, left his home, and on the 7th day of February, 1862, I received a correct statement as to how the name came letter dated at New York City, stating that to be scratched from the arch of the bridge, he was going into the army on the 8th of Feb- as he was there and knows all about it. That is the last communication I ever received from him from that day to this. In 1865, after the assassination of President Lincoln, a friend tion of my husband, John O'Connell, is as plexion; hair, very dark red; mustache, sandy; whiskers, sandy and heavy; eyes, gray; eyebrows, heavy and sandy; rather a quiet man in speech and action; deep bass voice. Any soldier who reads this notice and knows of John O'Connell would confer a favor on a soldier's widow and a child, who was born after the father left his home, by addressing as above.

James Lamb, 2310 I street northwest, Washngton, D. C., wants information of his uncle, Hugh O'Neil, who served in the 47th Pa., he thinks in company D of that regiment, during

Col. W. L. McKnight, Charleston, Tenn. would like to communicate with W. L. or W. H. McKee, of New York City, in regard to the sword of Capt. George C. Whatley, 10th Ala., C. S. A., who was killed at Antietam in Sep-Louisville Legion). But, as stated, some time | tember, 1862, or receive any information that in those months (I forget the exact date) we | will lead to the recovery of the sword to familv of the late Capt. Whatley.

Mrs. A. C. Kent, daughter of the late Judge D. C. Underwood, of 1446 Rhode Island avenue northwest, Washington, has the Bible belonging to Henry L. Doyle, Co. C. 144th N. Y., which was picked up on the battlefield, which she will gladly return to the owner or his relatives. Capt. D. W. Houghton, Commissary-Gen-

eral's Office, Washington, picked up an old army canteen at one of the Reunion tents on Grand Army Place during the Encampment. The canteen has the number 38 stamped upon it, and some initials which cannot be made out, they being very indistinct. There are also bloodstains on the canteen, which evidently belonged to some veteran who attended the Encampment. He can get the canteen by ad-

NATIONAL TRIBUNE regarding the service of | the limb of a tree in the yard, and led my the regiment, to tell him by letter in which horse nearly under the noose, when one of issue it appeared.

Joe Plant, Co. D, 9th Mass., South Coventry, Conn., has a complete set of the files of THE

Mai. Gifford, 638 Pennsylvania avenue southeast, Washington, who is a member of the Pennsylvania Reserves Association (Bucktails), reports the following incident: Just on the eve of going into the battle of Fredericksburg, the rebel works at Atlanta, as I think they Va., Daniel Carr, Co. A, 11th Pa. Reserves, merited all the praise he gives them. But in gave his watch to E. Cody, son of a Confederate soldier living at or near Fredericksburg, for says, "The 15th Regulars scaled their main | safe-keeping until after the battle. Comrade | Alcott or Allcock, a correspondent of the New works," etc. My recollection of the formation | Carr never returned for the watch, and it is | York Tribune, another named Lawrence, afterin that charge is this: Brigade in two lines; supposed that he was killed, wounded or taken | ward Assistant Harbormaster at Fort Monroe, prisoner. Cody, in whose care the watch was | and, I think, Serg't A. M. Edwards, afterward left, is now living in Washington, 401 Massa- | Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th Mich. When left; and as I saw it, it was the 19th, and not | chusetts avenue northwest. He would like to | the officers of the prison were asked what the know the whereabouts of Daniel Carr if living, | powder was put there for, they answered, "To or his relatives.

> Gen. Garnett's Body. D. W. Ridenour, Co. C, 20th Ohio; Co. E, 22d Ohio, and Co. I, 187th Ohio, writes: "Please allow me to say a word about the little

muddle into which comrades are getting about Gen. Garnett. I will say that Comrade Bancroft is right as to seeing Gen. Garnett at Grafton, W. Va., and M. C. Connett is wrong; for ments has been made by the managers of the Seven Stars Mining Company. A guaranty of an annual dividend of 15 per cent, for five years to all stockholders has been made, and securities for the guaranty have been deposited with the Industrial and Mining Guaranty Co., 41 Broadway, and Union Trust Co., 80 Broadway. While this guaranty seems as remarkable as it is unusual, it is easily accounted for by reason of the richness of the mine, which will undoubtedly be able to pay dividends doubt the amount of this guaranty.

The sale of a limited number of shares in this I remember seeing the General at Grafton be sure as to that. But he was there; that I am sure of, and I can prove what I say.

Agents Wanted, Comrades Preferred,

BETTER THAN A PENSION.

A Powerful Magic Lantern or Stereopticon, or with a Museum Exhibition Case.

Any comrade can give these exhibitions successfully and make money, for these views are real, actual war scenes, taken "at the front" by the U.S. Government Photographers during our great war; therefore this is something that all comrades will understand, and as we furnish a lecture or war; therefore this is something that all comrades will understand, and as we furnish a fecture of printed description with the views, it makes it very easy. We are giving the exhibitions in Connecticut, and that is all the territory we can attend to. We want good agents in all other States. If you can come here and see the exhibition given, you can then judge for yourself how the public like it, and whether it pays. We shall be pleased to give you a complimentary ticket to the exhibition. Come and look into the business. If you cannot come, then send us your address and we will send you our descriptive catalogue. It is a light, pleasant, and profitable business.

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Mention The National Tribuna

are facts and no mistakes, and I cannot see how that impression got out that Garnett did not come to Grafton. Comrade, think again, and you will find that you and Gen. T. A. Morris many of the company I belonged to living yet to prove it by."

Wishes They Had Been With Him. E. W. Farrow, 11th Mich. Cav., says that it s now 27 years ago this Winter that he had his first experience as a soldier on the second Saltville raid, and he wishes he could have had some of the pension-haters with him to have experienced the hardships that were endured by the Union seldiers. It rained or snowed almost all the time, and the clothing would freeze on their bodies, and they did all this on parched corn most of the time. There was very ittle sleep obtained by the boys during the raid, as they were constantly on the march, and had to sleep in the saddle. It was a hard time for both men and animals, and if the men who G.A.R., says that "Norris E. Bancroft, of his | are howling against pensions could have had company, enlisted for three years, and at the ene-half their experience, perhaps they would expiration of his term re-enlisted in the same | uot gowl so much at the many veterans who

Brigham Not Familiar with Naval History Wm. Simmons, Historian, National Naval Veterans' Association, Philadelphia says that "I regret to notice in your issue of Sept. 1, that Comrade Brigham, of Washington, D. C., exposes his ignorance of naval matters by stating that Admiral Goldsborough commanded the North Atlantic Squadron from the beginning to the close of the war. For the information of that comrade, and all others interested, I wish to state that the officers who commanded that squadron in the order of service were as follows: G. J. Prendergrast, S. H. Stringham, L. M. Goldsborough, S. P. Lee, and D. D. Porter. He also informs us that Goldsborough was the first Admiral. That honor belongs to Capt. A. H. Foote. Now, comrade, give us a rest on naval matters, if you cannot do better." Did Their Part of the Work,

John W. Adams, 8th Wis. battery, Blairs-town, N. J., says that, having served most of the time as heavy artillery, his experience was somewhat limited, yet they had their fun eating half-rations of sowbelly and hardtack, although they did considerable foraging, and they always did their part of the work assigned them, and any old soldier who was around Murfreesboro in 1864 can testify that the battery boys did their share of the foraging. If any comrade would like to hear from a man who has lived and gained a residence in six different States and Territories and traveled 7,000 miles through the country with a team, he can do so by addressing the writer.

The Way It Was Done. J. W. Clark, 59th N. Y., Fort Wayne, Ind. says that in the latter part of 1861 or early

part of 1862 his regiment was sent to the front at Tennally town and did heavy artillery duty all the way to Chain Bridge. It was while on this duty that a number of the men of his regiment, seeing the name of Jeff Davis ust below that of James Buchapan in the list on the arch of Cabin John's Bridge, peppered away at it with their muskets until they effaced it from the rock. This is the

John K. Fox, Rutland, N. D., says: "I was born in Schenectady, N. Y., July 11, 1848. I enlisted in the 3d N. Y. L. A. at Auburu, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1862; was discharged July 8, 1865, serving as Bugler in Battery I since the regiment was consolidated in May, 1863. Befere that I was a drummer in Co. C of same regiment. Being a reader of your paper, I should like to hear from some of the old boys. E. C. Storms, of Roll Postoffice, Blackford Co., Ind., was born July 29th, 1850; enlisted Feb. 9 in Co. B, 153d Ind., and was discharged Aug. 9, 1865. He would like to correspond with any soldier younger than himself who served during the war.

Wants a Wife. B. B. Scott, of Creswell, Ore., formerly a principal musician of the 72d Ill., is a widower, and wishes to correspond with a middle-aged lady with a view to matrimony. A soldier's widow is preferred. He has a good home for the right party, but he will not answer unsatisfactory letters.

No Such Good Fortune. Thomas B. Briggs, First Lieutenant, U. S. A., Delavan, Ill., saw in the issue of Sept. 8 that the U. S. Army retired officers receive commutation for fuel and quarters. He says this is a mistake. The retired pay of an officer is three-quarters of his full pay, which is a regular salary with an addition of 10 per cent. for each five years' service, which is added to the salary. A retired officer gets no com-

Harry Caldwell, Garrett, Ind., was about 30 feet from Gen. Lyttle at Chickamauga when he fell from his horse. It took six men to carry the General off the field, as he was a

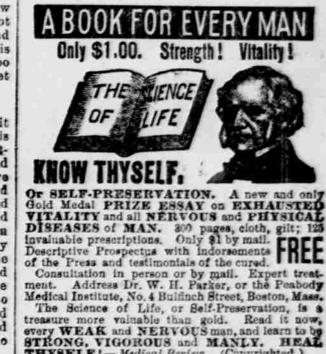
If you want to buy a buggy, wagon, harness or anything else in the line of horse equipments you can save money by ordering from THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

PRISON EXPERIENCE.

them said: "Stop; there comes the Lieutenant." He rode up and put a stop to the proceedings. I learned that his name was Glinn or Glynn, and will say for him that he acted the part of a gentleman, and should this come to his notice I would be pleased to hear from him. About the last of March I found myself in Libby, upper floor, northwest corner. One morning a wagon backed up to the walk on the south side of the building, and they rolled 14 barrels of gunpowder into the building. There were others who saw this besides myself, but I cannot remember who, except one named send you follows to - if McClellan captures

I could tell how they put us on bread and water to discourage the boys, so they would join their army; of their shooting in at the windows when there was no provocation-only, their officers said, the boys were out of practice, as if they regretted that they did not kill more of us.-H. C. HACKETT, Co. G, 1st Mich. Cav., and Co. I, 1st Mich. Engineers and Mechanics, Union Springs, N. Y.

Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. Tobacco-users who want to Capt. A. S. Harris, Co. C, 20th Chio (three- quit and can't, by mentioning THE NATIONAL TRImonths men), and Col. Thomas Morton, both | BUNE can get the book mailed free. Address THE live at Eaton, O. Capt. Harris is now Lieuten- STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 723, Indiana ant-Governor of the great State of Ohio. These | Mineral Springs, Ind.



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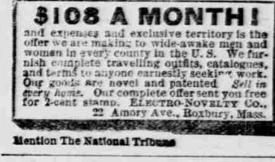
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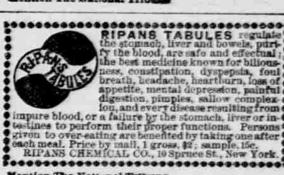
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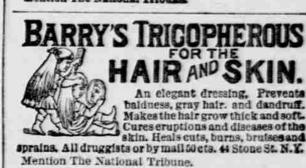
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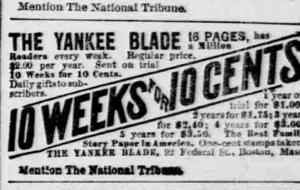
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